TYPICAL DAY WITH A UNITED STATES SENATOR

"Free baths, free shaves, free stationery, free medicines and other prequisites, to say nothing of a private secretary and an elegantly appointed committee room, who wouldn't be a senator?" remarks the visitor who has "done" the national capital in two days. "Yes, with $5,000 a year and generous mileage to Washington and home again for an average of six months' snap," replies his companion. And they go back to tell the "folks at home" what a sinecure their senator enjoys. And all that is here said of senators is as applicable to representatives. With popular opinion a unit on the subject it is dangerous to suggest that there is another side to the question, although those who know the situation intimately suspect there is, says the New York Tribune.

Of course, $5,000 a year is a princely income for six months' work, as everybody knows. The fact was brought home to Senator Hepburn this fall. He was engaged in an important lawsuit when the extra session was called, and he exerted every energy to bring the case to a close in time for him to attend. He arrived in Washington a little late, but he had won his case. It had taken him thirty days to do it, and the fee was $7,000. Now he will devote six or seven months to his senate duties for $5,000—and neglect his law practice. Of course, it may be said that his experience was somewhat exceptional, and that it takes an exceptionally able lawyer to make such fees, but there are many exceptionally able lawyers in the senate, and there are several who have abandoned law practices worth from $30,000 to $50,000 a year to come to Washington.

Free baths, free shaves, free stationery, are advantages, no doubt, but they don't mean much of saving, after all, except of time. It is undoubtedly a convenience to the senator who has been detained by a protracted session, and who has an engagement for the evening, to be able to slip into a private bathroom and afterward into a private barber shop and have his wants attended to, but as a money-saving proposition there is nothing in it, for in nine cases out of ten the tips amount to more than the charges in public establishments.

The stationery allowance furnishes abundant material for the space writer, who depicts in witty terms the propriety of the government paying for "six ladies' chatelaine bags," "seven four-bladed pocket knives," "five silver steel ring purses," "three hundred cards, engraved with the name of Mme. Senator," "one gross of quinine pills," and assorted periodicals, etc. The fact is that each senator is allowed a credit at the state stationery room to $120 a year. A varied stock is kept and almost anything may be ordered, while everything is supposed to be charged against the senator at cost. As a result of the last provisions, senators usually overrun their accounts, paying the difference in cash. Whether the goods are charged at a price that would be cost to the average merchant has always been a question, but the convenience of a stationery shop at one's office door, where there is never any question as to the trustworthiness of the wares and the price is always at least reasonable, naturally leads to unstinted trade. Every senator pays cash for any excess over his credit of $120 a year.

Another perquisite sometimes commented on in the press is the senate restaurant, but that is a blessing which is not denied the public, on the same terms as a senator, with his "Waldorf" prices and "Bowery" quality, or lack of quality. The only difference is that the public, having experienced the delights of the senate restaurant once, gives it a wide birth ever after, while the senator has no time to go elsewhere. Just why the capitol restaurants are not better is a mystery no man has ever explained. Ask a senator, and he will shake his head and sigh.

Of course, Washington is one round of gayety in the season, for which the senator pays two prices, while etiquette denies him the freedom of the private citizen. For his residence the senator must pay a varying rental, the minimum being $1,000 a year. He must keep a carriage, for the wife of practically every senator and representative, besides the wives of several hundred officials, will call on his wife formally, and these calls must be returned. There are 380 members of the house, mostly married. Then there are the receptions, dinners, musicals, etc., at the White House, and probably a hundred other formal entertainments during the season, which must be attended in a costume that precludes walking or use of the street cars. Domestic service in Washington is comparatively reasonable, thanks to the colored population, but everything else is unduly expensive. Everybody goes away in the summer, and the tradesmen must make their year's profit during the season—and why should not the people's servants keep their princely incomes in circulation?

To illustrate a sample day of a single senator, take the experience of Senator Blank. He is a new senator and has complied with the usual formalities at the beginning of the session. With the aid of his private secretary, who has had years of experience around the capitol and who is also the clerk of his somewhat unimportant committee—every senator is chairman of a committee, with two exceptions—Senator Blank has sent his card to every other senator, has burned the midnight oil figuring out whether the new senator from Idaho, who was elected on the same day as himself, was elected at an earlier or later hour, for it is an inflexible law that the senator elected last must send his card first, and has received somewhere near a bushel of calling cards in return. He has, on this particular day, risen early, breakfasted, and 9 o'clock finds him in the room which he has set apart for a study. His secretary is already there opening his mail. There are thirty letters asking for government positions. His secretary informs him that since the civil service law has been extended he will have the privilege of naming one of his charwomen who keep the capitol clean, at a remuneration of $60 a month, and, if he is popular and there are many bills referred to his committee, he may be fortunate enough to get another clerk before the session is over. He has several applications from widows of old soldiers. One of these must be selected as charwoman, if she will accept a menial position; the son of an influential constituent must be encouraged to look forward to that possible clerkship and twenty-eight must be gently turned down.

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Then there are seven applications for the establishment of rural free delivery routes. These make necessary a call on the fourth assistant postmaster general. The son of one of Mr. Blank's stanchest supporters was caught hazing at Annapolis and has been suspended. That means a call at the navy department. Another constituent, who holds the labor vote in his vest pocket, wants a consular appointment. That means an interview with the secretary of state. By 10 o'clock he has disposed of his mail, having promised numerous things he can never hope to get, and he calls a cab and starts for the state department. Meanwhile his secretary has gone to the department of justice with a bill providing for a public building at Squedunk, to have its form approved, for that bill is one of the senator's most vital assets, and he can afford to have no legal technicalities in its phraseology jeopardize its enactment.

At the state department a short wait, which seems interminable, admits the senator to the assistant secretary's office, to find that there are only two vacant consulships, and that both have been long ago spoken for by older senators. The secretary of the navy is then seen, and turns down hard the request for reconsideration of the Annapolis case, in the absence of an order from the president. Another drive, another wait, and the senator is face to face with the fourth assistant postmaster general, who informs him that in five of his applications the population is not sufficient to warrant free rural service, but that his inspectors will "look up" the two remaining cases. That means a wait of several months, during which the people at home will imagine that their senator is neglecting them in the intoxication of Washington's gayeties and frivolities.

After luncheon he returns to the cloak-room, off the senate chamber, for a cigar, but it is only half smoked when a card is handed him. It is from the correspondent of his own paper, and the senator sees him in the lobby, to which accredited correspondents have access. The correspondent wants to know the prospects for the Squedunk building, what the Democrats are going to do on the Panama question, and whether "Bill" Smith is going to get the consular job. "Bill" having incautiously mentioned his ambition and the opposition paper having published his expectations, just to make trouble.

Having disposed of his newspaper friend, he returns to the cloakroom, lights a fresh cigar and sits down to think. Again a page brings him a card. This time it is an influential constituent who wants to be shown around. The senator orders his friend shown into the marble room, fills out a card for the members' gallery, then shows his friend about the senate corridors, explaining the weather map in the marble room, which is corrected daily by the weather bureau to enable every senator to see just what the prospects for haying or ice cutting are at home. He points out the few distinguished senators on the floor and then, as he dares not go beyond the sound of the bells which are liable at any time to announce a call of the senate, he selects a guide and places his constituent in his charge, telling the guide to show the stranger through the house end of the capitol, the rotunda, and supreme court. The guide knows that the usual fees are to be collected subsequently from the senator.

At 11:30 o'clock the senator finds himself in the president's ante-chamber, along with some thirty other persons, statesmen, officials and private citizens. It is almost 12 o'clock when he gains admittance along with two other, older and better known senators. He explains his errand, and the president, with a brief comment on the necessity of maintaining discipline at Annapolis, dictates a memorandum, asking the secretary of the navy whether any extenuating circumstances are to be found in this particular case, or any warrant for reopening it.

Another hurried drive brings the senator to the capitol too late for prayers, which he does not much mind, and just in time to take his place on the floor during the "morning hour." He has a number of petitions for the expulsion of a Mormon senator to introduce, petitions in which he has no heart; also the bill for the building at Squedunk, handed to him by his secretary as he enters the senate, a number of private pensions bills for old soldiers, who have been vainly trying to get "relief" under general laws ever since the war, and now appeal for special legislation, and a petition from the most important manufacturing interests in his state protesting against any delay in the ratification of the Panama treaty. He stands for half an hour vainly trying to catch the chairman's eye, and finally succeeds. He begs leave of the senate to introduce his various measures, and have them referred to the proper committees. This done he slips away to the restaurant for a bite of lunch. There he meets Senator Aldrich, who asks him to remain in the capitol during the afternoon, as the older senators will be busy in their committee rooms and the young men will be needed in case the Democrats raise the point of no quorum. He also learns that there will be an executive session before adjournment, and his vote is needed by the administration for confirming a certain nomination.

Returning to the senate, the senator is brought indignantly to his feet by the unwarranted drastic criticism of the administration in which an opposition senator is indulging, but a shake of the head from Senator Allison causes him to sit down and Senator Spooner disposes of the offending Democrat with his usual ability. The debate drags, and Senator Blank slips down to his committee room to dispose of several committee matters, answer one or two urgent letters and a telegram, and then seek an audience with Senator Hale regarding a report with the drafting of which he has been intrusted. Before he succeeds in seeing the leader two rings of an electric bell sounding in all parts of the senate end of the capitol warn him that the opposition has raised the point of "no quorum" and he must rush to the senate chamber to answer the roll call. That done he returns to Mr. Hale's room, but before he has gained access to the inner office three rings of the bell advise him that the senate is about to "proceed to the consideration of executive business," and his vote will be needed for the confirmation of that nomination. He hastens through the corridors, dodging the crowds pouring down from the galleries, the public being excluded from executive sessions. As he enters the chamber he finds other senators coming from all directions. Senators who have been in the chamber when the executive motion carried are lighting cigars, and there is a general air of informality which characterizes sessions behind closed doors. The nomination which the leaders are especially interested in causes the expected debate, which, although, or perhaps because, it is informal, lasts for some time, but finally the necessary vote is secured and the senate stands adjourned at 5 o'clock and thirty-five minutes p. m.

Senator Blank returns to his committee room, disposes of his mail, receives a telephone message from Mrs. Blank to the effect that she has pledged Senator Blank and herself to take the places at a formal dinner made vacant by illness of previously invited guests, pays a hurried visit to the barber shop, drives to the Arlington, where he holds a conference with one of the political leaders of his state, and at 8 o'clock appears with his wife at the formal dinner.

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On his arrival at home Senator Blank has received a telephone message from Mr. Loeb, secretary to the president, informing him that the house delegation from his state is still evenly divided regarding the appointment of the collector of customs for a city in their state, and the president desires the presence of Senator Blank at the White House at 10 p. m., to confer with him regarding the respective candidates. Accordingly the senator excuses himself from dinner a few minutes before 10, and, leaving his own conveyance for Mrs. Blank, has a long, brisk walk to the "little" White House. Several prominent senators are in conference with the president, and he is compelled to wait three-quarters of an hour for the president to take up the Blankville case. When he does so the respective merits of the rival candidates are discussed, and, it being established to the president's satisfaction that they are equally able and upright men, the entire question of their potential political influence in their communities is gone over, and it is close to midnight when a decision is reached—a decision which carries with it no small likelihood of making enemies for the senator among the friends of the disappointed candidate.

One o'clock in the morning finds Senator Blank smoking his last cigar in his own study, but he is not alone. His home newspaper correspondent, in the mysterious way known only to correspondents, has learned of the White House conference and has called to learn the result, that he may wire it in time for the morning edition. Another caller is waiting in the hall. It is a correspondent whose paper has ordered him to interview Senator Blank on the probability of the president's annexing Japan and declaring war against Russia.

When, at 1:30 a. m., Senator Blank finds himself at liberty to retire, but without having accomplished half the things he has planned to do that day, he falls to wondering what it is that causes men to move heaven and earth to secure seats in the United States senate. He is certain it is not the princely salary, not the luxury of a handsomely appointed committee room, nor even the abundant perquisites, and he finally concludes that it is the slight distinction of being "one of the ninety;" in other words, the allurements of those twin sirens whom men have named Ambition and Fame.

Pointed Paragraphs.

(Chicago News.)

A Chinese laundry ticket is but a mark of irony.

Sometimes a man lies when he smiles and says nothing.

Every husband doesn't know a lot of things his wife suspects.

The trouble with most people who say what they think is that they think such disagreeable things.

No matter how religious a bald-headed bachelor may be, married women are always suspicious of him.

A man may or may not consider it a compliment to have a brand of cigars named after him. It depends on the cigars.

A man would probably have more respect for babies if he thought they understood the language women talk to them.

The young husband who praises the cooking of his mother evidently forgets that it's the same his father used to kick about.

When a woman gets cornered in an argument she always says: "Oh, well, you know I'm right, but of course you won't admit it."

Fortunate is the man who can forget that he is married long enough to look pleasant when he is having his photograph taken.

Useful Piece of Furniture.

(Judge.)

"They are going to have a bureau of information at the corner drug store during the convention," said Mrs. Perkins.

"Wonder if we couldn't get it after the convention is over," mused her husband.

"Get it? Get what?"

"The bureau of information. We need one in our house. I could keep my handkerchiefs in it. Nobody ever knows where they are now."